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ABSTRACT

Compiled with learning objectives, suggested lesson plans, learning center activities, and selected teacher and student bibliographies for use at the elementary level, transcripts of oral history interviews with 11 Mexican Americans in San Bernardino County's West End provide understanding of the mass movement of Mexicans to the United States in the early twentieth century. The oral histories describe: the efforts of a Chicano ranch foreman to locate and hire unemployed Chicanos during the 1930's; four personal views of the Mexican Revolution and the resulting immigration to the United States; a childhood encounter with Pancho Villa; life as a Salinas Valley strawberry farmer; work in the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1935; recollections of barrio warfare during the 1930's, 1940's, and 1950's; accomplishments of a Chicana educator; and the struggle of a young Chicano now working on a Ph.D. in international relations. Learning objectives include verbally outlining the struggles of a Mexican immigrant in the early 1900's; defining prejudices and discrimination; and demonstrating the use of oral history methods. Suggested activities include: map, diorama, and flag making projects; reading and discussion; developing family oral histories; and mural and puppet construction. (NEC)

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CONTENTS

Acknowledgements 1

Historical Introduction 3

Driving Cattle to Los Angeles: *Jim Cerda* interviewed by *Ben Hernandez* 4

Four Personal Views of Immigration and the Mexican Revolution 6

The Little Brown Angel: *Doña Lupe Gonzalez* interviewed by *Chano Gonzalez* 8

The Strawberry Lady: *Genoveve Villasano* interviewed by *Ray Aguirre* 9

El Huérfano: *Julio Garcia* interviewed by *Ray Aguirre* 15

Local Kid Makes Good: *Tony Cerda* interviewed by *Ben Hernandez* 20

A Question of Values: *Delia Segovia* interviewed by *Ray Aguirre* 24

La Casa Tranqual: *Jenaro Zendejas* interviewed by *Chano Gonzalez* 29

Appendix 34

Learning Objectives 34

Suggested Lesson Plans: Grades 1 to 3 34

Suggested Lesson Plans: Grades 4 to 6 36

Selected Bibliography 37

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The idea of interviewing elderly Chicanos in San Bernardino County's West End was that of Daniel (Chano) Gonzalez, a muralist and life-long resident of the West End, who wanted to develop subject-material for his murals. Mr. Gonzalez was the stimulating force behind the initiation of this project, which was eventually funded by the California Arts Council.

The interviews which follow are a virtual hodgepodge of history, both personal and social. Sometimes, as you will find, the interviewers outstripped the interviewees as far as providing material. In all, however, there is much valuable and interesting information in these interviews.

Dr. Francisco Balderrama of the Claremont College Chicano Studies Center was kind enough to read the interviews and make suggestions regarding their possible uses in an educational setting. Dr. Balderrama specializes in oral history. Although he wasn't exactly overwhelmed by the high quality of the interview content, he did admit that the project had stimulated in him a re-awakening of his interest in local history. The Historical Introduction and the Teaching Module information in the appendix are directly attributable to the help provided by Dr. Balderrama.

The three interviewers for the project might themselves have been subjects for interviews, had they been somewhat older. At least two of the three would have to be considered as borderline "illustrious" persons locally. The third is borderline also, but I'm not sure what it is he borders on.

Chano Gonzalez is a well-known local artist, born and raised and still residing in the West End. Ben Hernandez is well-known locally as a foremost Chicano publisher. Ben has edited and published several bilingual newspapers and magazines, including *Q-Vo*. Ray Aguirre, the third interviewer, adheres to pantheism.

Aztlan Community Services, Incorporated, a West End community-based organization, provided the official "back-drop" for this publication.

Special thanks are due to the people who consented to serve as interview subjects. These people showed great generosity in giving time and in providing material.

Alan Hunsaker, Ph.D.
Ontario, California
August, 1979

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

The Mexican has been present in the American southwest since the days of the earliest settlements. The number of Mexicans in the country grew dramatically when immigrants poured into the area following the turn of the century. "The large numbers of Mexicans... arriving in Los Angeles," observed Guillermo Andrade, an early Mexican consul, "is truly notable."[1] Andrade's remark was made in 1900, but would have been applicable throughout the early years of the century. Official statistics of the American Immigration and Naturalization Service indicate that more than 500,000 immigrants arrived between 1899 and 1929.[2] Scholars generally agree that many of these new arrivals entered the country illegally.

By 1930, the census reported 1.5 million persons of Mexican descent in the United States.[3] This was probably a low estimate, because many illegal immigrants feared detection and avoided census takers.

The massive movement of Mexican nationals into the United States after 1900 transformed the character of the Spanish-speaking population in the southwest and in other parts of the nation. Except in New Mexico, where landed Hispanics remained a majority, the new immigrants rapidly outnumbered the descendants of Mexican settlers who had arrived during the years of Spanish and Mexican rule.

Chicano historians have resorted to oral interviews in order to understand the mass movement of Mexicans to the United States, because written testimony from traditional sources is minimal. The interviews which follow are examples of this new approach.

These interviews provide a "deep and sensitive explanation of how one individual has seen and reacted to the world about him."[4]

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1. Mexico, Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores, *Informe de la Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores*, (Mexico, D.F., Imprenta Nacional, 1900), 160.

2. Mexico, Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores, *Memoria de la Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores de Agosto de 1928 a Julio de 1929*, (Mexico, D.F., Imprenta de la Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores, 1929), 1549-1550.

3. United States Department of Commerce, Bureau of Census, *Fifteenth Census of the United States, 1930: Population, Special Report of Foreign-Born White Families by County of Birth of Head*, (Washinton, D.C., Government Printing Office, 1933), 199.

4. Corinne L. Gilb, "Tape-Recorded Interviewing: Some Thoughts from California," *American Archivist*, XX (October 1957), 338.

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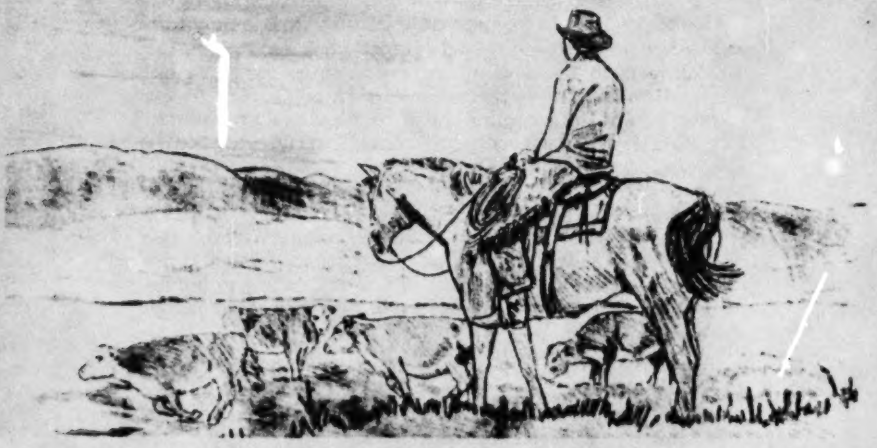

SR. CERDA'S GRANDFATHER DRIVING CATTLE TO LOS ANGELES.

DRIVING CATTLE TO LOS ANGELES

Jim Cerda
Interviewed by Ben Hernandez

Born 1915
Presently resides in Chino, California.

The interview of Jim Cerda revealed that Sr. Cerda's great grandfather was settler Jesus Villa, the original settler of Chino, California, before 1838.

"They called us 'Pochis'," says Jim. "In those days, it was a badge of honor."

Jim's father, Jose, was brought at the age of 17 to the United States to work breaking horses for the Diamond Bar Ranch as a vaquero. His father died when Jim was only seven years old. Jim was raised by his grandparents, Vachi and Celsa Rodriguez of La Puente.

Jim remembers his elementary school days at Rowland Elementary School as a time of crowded quarters. There were four grades packed into two classrooms.

Jim remembers a strike by Chicano walnut pickers which took place in the late 1920's. The strike took place at the Autobime Walnut Ranch in Rowland. There was a tomato strike at Diamond Bar Ranch about the same time. Workers won higher wages at both ranches, a significant victory for labor day in those days.

In those days, families usually lived on the ranches for which they worked. The ranches were owned by "foreigners," according to Sr. Cerda. From his grandfather, Jim learned ranching skills, and became a field boss at the Rowland Ranch.

Sr. Cerda notes that there were no gangs and no barrio gang warfare during his youth. "Chicanos were too busy working in ranches and in the fields," says Jim. When they weren't working, they might be riding (a horse) to another ranch to meet other ranch workers, friends of theirs. During these years, says Jim, the pace was much slower and there were no lowriders. Jim feels that lowriders and an excessive amount of free time contribute to the problems of the barrios today.

Jim married Consuelo Aguilera from Pomona, and moved back to Chino shortly thereafter. Jim lost his wife shortly prior to the interview.

Jim and Consuelo had seven children. In the 1930's Jim was still working at the Rowland Ranch. He had risen to the position of foreman. He was in a position to provide jobs for people. Through his contacts with other ranches, Jim used his position of foreman to locate and hire unemployed Chicanos.

Consuelo and Jim devised a plan to save money in order to buy ten acres of land in Chino. It was the same land that had been owned by his great grandfather, Jesus Villa, who had lost the land. The Cerdas began their own ranch business and hired many barrio youths to help get the land ready for planting. The produce from the farm was sold house-to-house in Pomona and Chino. Sra. Cerda drove the truck and the youths made the sales.

The Cerda's oldest child, Tony, began a business with his father in 1960. This business is the Fairway Rentals. The Cerdas now employ twenty full time workers. The company does grading work around new homes and hauls trash.

Sr. Cerda is also the owner of "El Rancho Grande" restaurant.

Q.: Sr. Cerda, what do you remember as one of your most enjoyable moments of life?

A.: My grandpa would sit and tell me all the names of the valleys and canyons around us. He knew them all. He used to drive cattle to Los Angeles.

FOUR PERSONAL VIEWS OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION AND IMMIGRATION

Mexicans began to cross the border into the United States during the late 1800's, but it was not until the 1900's that large numbers of Mexicans came to the U.S.A. Mr. Boudelio Sandoval was one of those who came over at that time. Born on April 8, 1899, in Valle Valparaiso, Zacatecas, Mexico, Sr. Sandoval was raised on a ranch called Las Ajuntas. Sr. Sandoval discussed why he and his family had left Mexico to enter the United States in 1908.

"We came because my brother had come before us. My mother missed him greatly, and as a result, we began to consider leaving Mexico for the United States. There were eight of us still at home at that time. She wanted to see if she could find him. He was about twenty-two, and he had a girlfriend in the U.S.A. When I came over, I worked on the railroad in Arizona and then went to Blythe. We found my brother in about two or three months. We were passing through Juarez at the time."

After 1910, many Mexicans came to the United States. The revolutionary war in Mexico caused many to flee. Sr. Porfirio Aleman of Guadalajara, Jalisco, was one of those who wished to escape the bloodshed of that painful time.

"I was born in Guadalajara, Jalisco, on the 14th of September, 1910. I was a small child during the revolution, but I remember a little. I came to the United States an orphan. My mother was widowed when my father and two other members were shot to death in Mexico. My father was about thirty-five at the time. I was only about five years old. There were battles in the towns and murder in the streets. There was much destruction. People had to go to the commanding officer to obtain a 'ticket'. We could use the ticket to buy bread from the baker. We had to have permission to buy anything. The money wasn't worth anything in those days. It was difficult to live. My mother was unable to work during that time, and I didn't start to work until I came to the United States."

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Mrs. Ignacia Zavala
Fontana, California

"I was born in February of 1906. In 1914, the revolution reached the ranch where I lived. The ranch was called La Losa, and it was a very big ranch. The area was divided between the Carranzistas and the Villistas. We were locked up for three days during the fighting at one point. We cried. I was just a little girl, and we became very thirsty. No one was allowed to leave. A man came to the door and said, 'No one may leave from their houses, because if you leave right now they will kill you. The battle is very heated.'

"MAMA, GIVE ME A TORTILLA"

The Carranzistas arrived and asked us, 'Which side are you on? We knew nothing about who was fighting, and were unable to answer. I stayed close to my mother. She kept on grinding corn for tortillas for the soldiers to eat. They ate all the animals as well. I remember I was very hungry, and said to my mother, 'Mama, give me a tortilla that you have just made. Please give me one.' But the men were eating all the tortillas. Many people were unable to eat."

Some Mexicans were not affected by the revolution. Sr. Enriquez Davilo Vasquez, now of Cucamonga, was one of these. He states:

"I was born on July 15, 1901, in Aguas Calientes, Mexico. In 1916, after the revolution had started, my father chose to come to the United States. We had no thought of staying in the United States at the time. My father worked for the railroads of Mexico. Every six months, they gave the workers a pass to go anywhere in the country. When my father took his pass, he decided to go to El Paso. From there, he never returned to Mexico."

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THE LITTLE BROWN ANGEL

Doña Lupe Gonzalez
Interviewed by Chano Gonzalez

"MIREN MUCHACHOS, LOOK AT THE LITTLE BROWN ANGEL LOOKING DOWN FROM HEAVEN AT US."

Age: 74
Arrived in Chino, California, at the age of 12.

As a child during the Revolution, I was sent to town with my two baskets to see if I could find something to bring home to eat. Things were very hard since the men were busy fighting each other. There were no crops at the end of the season, but somehow we managed to survive from day to day (solo Dios sabe).

As I arrived at the town I saw a big crowd of people gathering and I was told that El General Villa and his men were giving away corn free to the people. I tried my best to get close to the wagon, but the crowd and the people were too big and strong for me. In despair, I looked into the sky and said, "Dios ayudame (God help me)." It was then that I saw a big tree overlooking the plaza. A senor standing by gave me a lift and I climbed as high as I could. From there I had a good view of the General. He was of medium-build, moreno, and had a big bigotote which contrasted with his white teeth when he laughed as he directed his men.

I was determined, as small as I was, to get his attention. It was then that I took off my bright scarf and started waving it, yelling as loud as I could. Suddenly I felt a warm glow of verguenza, panic and pride come over me, as his brown eyes met mine. He pointed his hand toward me and said, "Miren muchachos, look at the little brown angel looking down from Heaven at us. Andenle, quick, bring her to me. This is indeed a good omen."

He picked me up in his arms and asked me for the name of my parents. He asked if I was hungry, and then directed his men to fill my baskets with food. Then, he lifted me up in the air and said, "Miren, muchachos, here is the future of Mexico. Treat my children right."

THE STRAWBERRY LADY

Genoveva Villasano
Interviewed by Ray Aguirre

Gen.: Is it on? Are we recording?

Ray: Yes.

Gen.: My name is Genoveva Villasano. I am 77 years old. I came from Mexico at the age of 16, and crossed to the U.S.A.at El Paso, Texas. At that time, there was a lot of work on the railroads, around the tracks. My brother and his family signed up for work. So, we came to the U.S.A. to work. My father and my older brother were already here.

After three months in this country, I married. My husband and I stayed in El Paso for a few months, and then we came to California. We came to Brawley. It was the cotton-picking valley then. There, I gave birth to the daughter with whom I now live in Ontario.

When I was living in Mexico, there was a war going on. The people were up in arms against the so-called revolutionaries, and that was our motive for leaving Mexico. The war happened about 1911 or 1912, and because of it many people were scattered to many places. Some people didn't want to fight. Some were forced into the war, and were made to fight. But we came to the U.S.A.

Over here we really haven't had any dangerous wars. The U.S.A. is very peaceful. I've done well here.

Ray: Did you pay 2 cents to enter the U.S.A.?

Gen.: In those days, they didn't charge anything. We did get washed. Our clothes were disinfected. Everyone had to have their clothes disinfected and their bodies washed. We picked strawberries at first.

Ray: Did you get paid enough?

Gen.: The prices of things change with every new president this corntry has. I guess we were no different than others, as far as pay was concerned.

Ray: Tell us about your work in the strawberry fields.

Gen.: It was our profession for many years. We worked in the Salinas Valley up north. In those days, I was still able to move around and work hard in the fields. We worked our own fields, and had contracts for them. We gave 50% of our profits to whoever financed us, and we kept the rest, after the harvest. We were strawberry farmers for 13 years. The strawberries didn't sell for much then. We paid our workers to hoe the weeds and to irrigate. Workers made 50 cents an hour. As the fields yielded more and more fruit, we had more money. That was around 1935. After that, I moved to the city and didn't work anymore in the strawberry fields.

There is a mystery to strawberries. To be a good farmer you have to judge the right distance between each plant when you are planting, because from each plant will come vines that you can either cut or replant to produce another plant. If you do it right, you may greatly increase your harvest.

Another thing to consider is weeds. They can be expensive, since they must be hoed or cut away. That's about the only thing that eats up profits, because you have to hire workers to hoe the weeds. Yet, strawberries are very fruitful. They produce new berries on each plant, every third day. You water every day, but you can pick strawberries every third day. The farmer is able to buy tools, tractors, and fertilizers.

I also worked in the tomato fields, in Indio, California. I worked in artichokes in Castroville, California. I worked in dates in Coachella.

Also, I've worked in carrots. In all of these jobs, the pay was very low, but it was worth it. I was never broke because there was always work to do someplace. In Indio, I worked for a season in the corn industry. They paid us by the hour for that work.

Ray: What did you do during the war?

Gen.: The war hurt the families with sons, because they were sent to fight.

Ray: Do you remember the time when cars started to replace horses?

Gen.: Around 1935.

Ray: Do you remember the Prohibition Era, when liquor was illegal?

Gen.: Not really. I guess because we never had any drunks in our family. I do recall that once certain bars couldn't sell their liquor. I heard it was by law, and that minors couldn't go there. Nowadays, everyone drinks.

I shall tell you now of some of my personal experiences.

In 1962 I came to Chino, because my daughter and her family were living here. In those days, there was work in Chino in the potato factories. They hired women, so I went in right away and got a job. The potatoes weren't grown in the Chino Valley, but came from elsewhere. Because there were so many women there, we did the work quickly, and it ran out in about six weeks. That was the last work I ever did. I was getting older and couldn't move around as much as in my youth.

From 1962 to 1977 I lived in Chino, and then I moved here to Ontario. I am feeling well, thanks to God. I am living with my daugther again.

Ray: Can you tell us something about your friends?

Gen.: I have many friends because I am churchgoing. I am Apostolic, in the faith of Jesus Christ, and whenever possible I go to congregate with the Church on Sundays. I have many acquaintances in Chino because I lived there for so many years. I know the Yamas family, who recently lost a son in an accident. I know Soledana Gonzalez. Some of my friends have problems, like Yolanda, whose husband has heart trouble. I've heard he's better now, but the heart is such a delicate thing that all we can do is put it in God's care and trust Him to do the right thing.

They say we sin just by thinking. We don't do bad things, but our minds think bad things. It is better to think good of things, even if we can't do good things. I say this about myself, because I am old and almost 78. We do not have any other end but death. One does not try to do good until it is too late.

Right now, we live in a place where we are surrounded by English-speaking people. There was a Mexican lady next door, but she moved, so that I haven't too many friends here. I don't speak fluent English.

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Ray: What do you think of the world in general?

Gen.: With what I see on T.V. and what I read in the newspaper, it is nothing but the end of the world to me. It was written long ago that the world would end this way. There are wars and rumors of wars, and it was written that the world would end that way. Right now there is waste, or perdition, from young to old. The world is coming to an end.

Ray: Don't you think that every generation feels the same way?

Gen.: I don't think every generation thinks the same, because we might have changed for the better and eliminated evil. Now, at the age of ten, young girls no longer want to live with their parents.

Ray: What do you think of your parents and grandparents?

Gen.: I knew my grandmother, who was my father's mother. All of us lived together at one time, at a ranch in Mexico. She stayed with her daugther, Rosalie, when we came to the U.S.A. She thought she was too old to travel, and wasn't sure if they'd let her come across the border. She finally went with my uncle, one of my father's brothers. I never saw her again. During the time she lived with us, she didn't talk much, and was usually silent. The only thing she took an interest in, because she got paid for it, was selling cigarettes. She made them herself, rolling them. She bought the leaves, prepared them, and then sold cigarettes. My brother, Manuel, would go to dances and sell her cigarettes. All this happened in Mexico, at the Gomez Palacios. We lived in a hacienda called San Ignacio at that time.

"THE ONLY THING SHE TOOK AN INTEREST IN WAS SELLING CIGARETTES"

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Ray: Is that near the border?

Gen.: No. The border is close to us now. Gomez Palacios is in the state of Durango. Gomez and Laredo are both in Durango. My grandmother's name was Marcellina Rosales Chavarria.

Ray: Are you there any Chavarrias in the U.S.A. related to her?

Gen.: Yes. Baldomero, and all his children. He had 13 children in all. Chepita, his daughter, was adopted, but the rest are his. They are grown-up now, scattered all over.

Oh, yes, my grandmother was very quiet. She didn't even scold us. That's how good she must have been! My uncle, Jose Angel Caldera, my mother's brother, lived also with us at the hacienda. He had a son named Guadalupe. All those people stayed behind at the ranch when we came across the border. My oldest brother came first, and we followed.

Ray: Have you contacted these relatives in Mexico since arriving in the U.S.A.?

Gen.: Yes. Before we came, my brother used to write to us and tell us all to come across. That's why we left in the first place, at his urging. He had worked for the railroad company and after three months of work you are free to live anywhere in the country. They gave passes. He went to Kansas City. We were all supposed to meet in Ciudad Juarez. In fact, we all arrived at Ciudad Juarez before my brother did and had to wait for about a month. We moved to El Paso, and then to Dallas. We lived in the railroad camps, near the tracks, in wagons.

A funny thing happened to us one day. My mother had washed all our clothes and hung them up on a fence next to the railroad camp. It was a barbed wire fence. It was the only clotheshanger we ever used while there. It was evening and we expected to spend the night there. Around ten at night there was a shout, "The camp is moving! We're all going!" It happened so suddenly that before we knew it the train was moving. My mother didn't even have time to pick up our clothes. She said to my father, "Nicanor! Our clothes are left behind." He said, "It can't be helped. Perhaps some other people need them more than we do." Would you believe it, our camp returned to the same place after two days and our clothes were still up on the fence. No one even bothered to touch them.

The railroad camps were constantly moving from place to place, and everything was always rushed. They never stayed in one place for long.

I should like to say that these are my last days. I no longer work at canneries or at factories. Nor do I often go out of my home. I used to like to embroider, make little doll's dresses, and also do dollies. Nowadays, I can't do anything. My 77 years are heavy on me, and of I'm sitting I get tired so that all I can do is go to rest on the bed. Then, I start thinking that I should be doing this or doing that, and so I get up again. I can't do the things I did before when I was younger. My daugther has to help me, and she makes my food. I feel good, but my body is bothered, ill, tired, and heavy. Yet, I am still living.

Ray: Tell us about your days in school, or of your childhood.
Gen.: If I happen to know a few letters, it's because of an aunt of mine, my mother's sister. She took the time to teach us. My mother never knew a thing, and didn't even know how to read her name. My mother had four girls at home, and my aunt asked her for one of the girls to go with her into the town of Gomez Palacios, where she lived with her husband. I was selected to go. I left the hacienda to get my schooling at the town school. Then the revolutionaries started to disrupt the town activities, and cause all kinds of commotion in the streets. Wherever they appeared, they would fire their rifles into the air, just to cause chaos. They closed the school the same month I started going. In town, there was a lot of noise and loud whistles from the factories, and everyone panicked and ran home to find safety. The schools remained closed until everything calmed down again.

During the days I spent at my aunt's home, she taught me to embroider and sew and make towels. There was an old lady living on the same street as we lived on, a retired teacher. I learned a little about all things from her.

God granted me to learn some sewing skills that I have never forgotten. Because of the work I've done, in the fields, factories, and canneries, I haven't had time to sew or embroider. Now I am too old, but I do have some beautiful pieces that I finished years ago. I can't believe that I did them myself now.

I stay home now. My daugther is in charge of everything. I don't even have to go shopping. I am contented. I am pleased.

When I was seven I remember looking at my mother do the house chores. She used to grind the flour, make tortillas by hand, and cook for the family. She never had time to teach me how to sew or patch up, so that my aunt really helped me a lot. In those days, in Mexico, women who lived in the ranches did everything by hand. We were

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very poor, and lived a hard life. Nowadays, things have changed. They dress well, and have cars, and Mexico isn't as backwards as it once was.

They have many schools where they teach them skills and trades. The farms have tools and such things. At one time, my mother used to load up our burro and go into town to grind up the grains if there was a lot, because our ranch couldn't afford to buy a grinder.

With all this, I think the new generations don't want to learn anything but to jump and dance. That's the style of today.

Around 1927 or 1928, we went from Blythe to Coachella. It is a valley where lots of grapes grow, besides grapefruits, lemons, and dates. I used to work for these Japanese folks who grew "chilis hueritos." I think my pay was 25 cents an hour. I loved it, because in four hours I could earn a dollar.

Silence.

Note: After seeing that Mrs. Villasano was very tired, I thanked her and closed the interview. Ray.

EL HUERFANO

Julio Garcia

Interviewed by Ray Aguirre

Ray: Julio, I'm taping our interview because we're interested in history, Chicano history. Julio, what town were you raised in?

Julio: Oh, me? I was raised up in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I went to school there. My folks were from old Mexico. They died when I was a little boy, and I was placed into an orphanage in Albuquerque. I will never forget St. Anthony's orphanage. I stayed there about five years. Then, I just left.

Ray: When did all this take place and in what year?

Julio: Well, you can figure that out. I was born in 1918, January the 15th. So you figure it out. It was way before your time, Ray.

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Ray: Yeah, that's back in time.

Julio: In 1935, I went to the C.C. camp. At that time, when I was a kid, you know, Hoover, he was a Republican. He's the one who had the nation then. He's the one who threw the nation to the dogs. In fact, people started naming their dogs after him. They called their dogs, "Hoover." President Roosevelt raised the nation back on its feet. He's the one who started the C.C. camps, and started welfare. But it wasn't called "welfare" in those days. They called it "relief." They gave you commodities, but no cash money.

Ray: Was that the W.P.A.?

Julio: Well, they had the W.P.A., too. But this was different. You didn't have to work. They gave you food, because there were no jobs.

Ray: Wasn't this when the nation was having all kinds of financial troubles?

"HE AND HIS GRANDFATHER USED TO BUMP HEADS"

Julio: Yeah, during the Depression. The food was there, all right, but there wasn't enough work. Nobody could buy anything because there was no money.

Ray: I've heard a lot about the Depression. But, since I wasn't born yet, I have to go by what I read.

Julio: Well, I didn't read about it. It was a personal experience.

Ray: If you did have a job, I guess the pay was pretty low, huh?

Julio: I used to work for a dollar a day, doing hard work. I used to do farm work because I could get that kind of work. I was about fifteen years old in 1935.

Ray: Could you buy much with a dollar?

Julio: Oh, yeah. Everything was cheap then. Meat, ground roast and all that, top sirloin, used to cost about 15 cents a pound. Ground beef you could buy for practically nothing.

Ray: How did you like the working conditions?

Julio: I didn't work much in those days because I was in school.

Ray: Can you reveal something about school in those days?

Julio: It was strict. Although I only got to the fifth grade, I feel that I know more than the average kid going to high school today. At that time, they only passed you if you knew the subjects. Today, they pass you because of your age. My stepson has a college degree. But he can't even read or write. He can barely sign his name. He's probably a little coo-coo in the head. He and his grandfather used to bump heads when he was a little baby. That's the reason he's coo-coo. Just a little baby about five years old. Bump heads, just like a ram. I think that's what messed his head up. He's got a damaged brain.

Ray: Yes, the brain is very soft and delicate, especially when you're a baby.

Julio: Not only that, but all babies have a soft shell, or skull, or whatever you call it, and it's very tender, and you can kill a baby easily by hitting his head.

Ray: His grandfather probably didn't realize that his playfulness and fun were that hard on a baby.

Julio: His grand-dad used to play with the children that way. You know how grand-dads are. They like to play around, and take the kids to buy them popcorn and candy. He used to like to put them in the car and take them places. That's when my wife's ex-old man went to the joint. He did about seven years in the joint for incest. Do you know what incest is?

Ray: Yes.

Julio: He finally got out on parole, and took off to the hills in Kentucky. It was better for everyone that he left. Me and my wife are living a good life now.

Ray: Life is hard but life is good. We should try to understand everything. What did you do as a teenager, when you were about 18?

Julio: I never had much of a life when I was that age. I was always in some foster home or some place like that.

Ray: You moved a lot?

Julio: Yeah, moving a lot. I did some stretches in the C.C. camps. C.C. stands for the Civilian Conservation Corps. It was more or less like a youth organization In those days, we used to do things like fight forest fires. It was all organized by the government and helped the youths in those days. There wasn't much trouble in those days. There were no fights then like there are today. Nowadays, the average kid is spoiled. He's got everything. If he doesn't have it, he's going to get it one way or another. Not all kids are that way, but there are more bad kids than good kids. I never remember having been in a gang fight. I had fist fights with a few kids, but no gang warfare like there is today. The youths of today have really gone to pot. I don't think pot makes a person violent. If the kids of today want something, they'll get their folks to buy it, or they'll just get it by stealing. I'm not talking about the dope addicts. I'm talking about the youngsters from ordinary families.

Ray: Can you remember the first time you drove a car?

Julio: I drove a Model T. I didn't know how to drive, but the owner of the car wanted me to back the car up so that he could do some work on it. He said, "Julio, come, I'll show you how to drive." He showed me how to drive. Model T's only had two gears, I think. I learned to drive a Model A later. I drove without a license for a while.

Ray: You said that your people came from Mexico, right?

Julio: Yeah, they migrated over here.

Ray: Do you know what part of Mexico they came from?

Julio: The state of Torreon, Coahuila. My father was from Coahuila. According to my sister, who lives in Baldwin Park, we have lots of relatives back in Mexico. I got my name from my mother's maiden name, that is, Garcia. My brother's name is Julian Garcia, and he lives in Baldwin Park. By the way, Ray, what is this interview all about?

Ray: Okay, the Chicanos have been neglected for a long time, that is, the Chicano point of view. This is the time for Chicano history. We are going to our senior and elder Chicanos to record the history. Those who are over sixty have a point of view that will be lost when they die. They

provide a new perspective on history. By interviewing as many as we can, we hope to get an all-around view of history.

Julio: I see what you mean. If you go to different people you'll get a different story from each. Everybody has his own world. You can't be absolute about humans. You can't classify them like machines.

Ray: That's true. Well, we've talked a little bit about your economics, your political points, and personal experiences. What do you think of the Panama Canal? It involves Latin Americans.

Julio: I'm going to tell you about the Panama Canal. That's in Panama, and they should leave it in Panama. The United States should have been out of there a long time ago. We have no business in other people's land. The United States gets involved in wars and conflicts with everyone. Look at Korea, and Viet Nam. Why can't we leave others alone? Why should we send our men to die there? We have a lot of people right here and should try to help of take care of them instead of going elsewhere. A lot of our people who need help can't even get welfare. They don't qualify. Yet, if Viet Nam comes here, they qualify right away. I know a lady who's on welfare who doesn't get enough money. She has seven kids. She doesn't get enough to buy things, like shoes for the boys or dresses for the girls. They barely have enough to buy food. She buys everything from second hand stores.

"SAY, WHAT TIME IS IT, RAY?"

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Ray: What do you think about the Revolution in Mexico?

Julio: Well, that's something that happened when I was an infant, and I don't remember it. But I'll tell you something about right now. They shouldn't be bringing those Vietnamese over here. We should first take care of our own house, or our own people. Afterwards, we can try to help those outside of our homes. You don't find Russia, Germany, or China doing things like that. Don't you know that China has five soldiers for each one of ours? Poor people should get better treatment from the government. And tax the rich! They get away with murder, as far as income tax is concerned. The government only collects from the little man. There's big corporations making millions and millions, and they don't pay a thing.

Ray: So all the cards are stacked against the poor people, don't you agree?

Julio: Yeah! It's money! Don't tell me there's no graft in this country. There's a lot of graft, buy you've got to get to it. Legal graft! Say, what time is it?

Ray: It's getting late, Julio. Thank you for the interview. Every Chicano has a different historical perspective. Yours is okay. Thank you for the time you've given us.

LOCAL KID MAKES GOOD

Tony Cerda
Interviewed by Ben Hernandez

Resides: Pomona, California.
Born: 1937.

The year is 1964. Father Angel Beta, pastor of Pomona's Sacred Heart Parish has organized a community-wide meeting to discuss the problems of Pomona youth. At the meeting, the shortage of recreational facilities for youth in Pomona is emphasized.

Youthful street gangs in Pomona were growing rapidly. New gangs were being formed. Most of the gangs that came to life during the period between 1950 and 1974 in Pomona were made up of Chicanos.

One of the major accomplishments of the 1964 community meetings organized by Father Beta was the establishment of an organized athletic club. This was the beginning of the Pomona Athletic League (P.A.L.).

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Tony Cerda's name came up when the new organization began looking for a volunteer director. Tony was a former gang member. In a fact, he had been the "President" of a Pomona gang. He was married, a father, a construction worker, and a lifetime resident of Pomona. Tony believed that it was urgent for the community to provide meaningful alternatives to the joining of young Chicanos in street gangs.

Tony volunteered as the director of P.A.L. between the years of 1965 and 1975, assisted by many friends and relatives. Today, P.A.L. is responsible for producing some of the most outstanding young athletics ever to emerge from a barrio enviroment. One of these young men is Alberto "Superfly" Sandoval, a very successful boxer.

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"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD. TONY CERDA TRAINING AT P.A.L."

Tony Cerda was born in 1937. He has seven brothers and sisters.

Q.: What was your first recollection of racism?

A.: My mother, also born in Pomona, told me of several racist incidents which happened to her in Pomona. I first remember my mother telling me about discrimination at the Saint Joseph Catholic Church in Pomona, located on Holt Boulevard, where it still stands. If a Mexican sat down during Mass, and an Anglo walked in, the Mexican family would have to give up their seats.

In the era of the Second World War, the 1940's, all Chicanos went to one school. The Anglos went to another, better school. My mom and her friend fought segregation and made the school accept Mexicans.

Another example of racism in Pomona during the 1940's existed at the public swimming pool. Mexicans were allowed to use the pool only on the day before it was to be drained. Also, Mexicans were allowed to go to the show only on certain nights of the week.

Mexicans finally built their own Catholic Church, Sacred Heart, so that they would no longer experience racism at the existing church. My mother and father were among the first couples to be married at the new church.

Q.: What do you remember about the 1930's if anything?

A.: I remember my youth as it relates to my uncles. During the 1930's, the Depression Era, my Uncle Pete was a young man. This was a time of bellbottoms and boxing. Like my uncle, some of the young men boxed professionally. It was around this time the people started to talk about which barrio they lived in. There were two barrios in Pomona at this time. Twelfth Street barrio was called Barrio Yuma, because many came to Pomona from Yuma, Arizona, on the railroad. The railroad was a major industry.

The second barrio in Pomona was Cherryville. During the 1930's any trouble or fighting was done one-on-one. Friends would watch a fight but would not usually join in. There were no gang fights, as there are today.

Q.: How were situations different/similar during the 1940's?

A.: In Pomona, there was a gang called the Raiders. They changed their name to Califas. Califas signified a unity throughout California. During this time there were pachucos and problems with sailors in East Los Angeles. Sailors would drive by a Mexican, jump out of the car, throw a Mexican to the ground, cut his clothes, and shave his head.Gangs wanted to retaliate, and felt the name Califas would reveal that there was much strength in the Mexican community. In the 1940's, gang members used knives and bicycle chains. Barrio warfare began in Pomona during the early 1940's.

Q.: Describe what you know about the late 1940's and early 1950's.

A.: During this time, a major gang was the Sharkeys. But, after associating with and hearing about gangs in East Los Angeles, Pomona gangs began to copy L.A. gangs. A famous L.A. gang was the 38th Street gang, so Pomona started the 12th Street gang and had "12th" tatooed on their bodies. Until this time, shootings were almost unheard of, but shootings began during this era.

Q.: What was your youth, from the late 1940's to the early 1950's, like?

A.: I was a member of a gang and also its president. I went through many gang wars. I know what it is like to shoot at somebody and what it is like to be shot at. I know how it feels to be jumped by 50 guys.

Q.: How do you feel about gangs today?

A.: Gangs and warfare is not the right way. Chicanos have a lot of pride and like to prove that they're tough. The easiest way to do this is to drive by a group at night and to shoot somebody with nobody but your friends knowing who did the shooting. Many feel that this will make their friends think they are tough. I think if you're going to fight you might as well do it where it will bring you fame and fortune, in a ring where people will pay to see you. Your picture will be in the newspaper, you might even get on television, and perhaps make some money. Why fight in the streets for nothing?

Q.: How did you get involved in the Pomona Athletic League and why?

A.: I became involved in P.A.L. in 1964-1965, partly for selfish reasons, concerning my son. At times, I imagined him to be a lowrider like I had been. Then, I felt that I didn't want my kid getting shot at, or getting involved with dope, like others who were ruining their lives. I decided I wanted to help my kid, and others. When I started with P.A.L. I was going to night school two nights a week. The club was open Monday and Wednesday, the nights I didn't go to school. One of the major goals of the club was and still is to stop the trouble between 12th Street and Cherryville.

Q.: Compare the boxers of Pomona in the 1930's and today.

A.: From the 1930's era two boxers still stand out in my mind. The two are Ventura Flores and Joe Hernandez, both professionals. Joe Hernandez still comes to the gym sometimes. In the 1930's there were Pomona boxers with great potential who lacked media coverage which meant that most boxers rarely fought outside of their own communities. Travel and transportation was so slow that many did not become professionals or try to become great.

Today, with rapid transportation and weight classifications, more Chicanos are serious and truly dedicated to boxing. It is no longer rare for one of my boxers to have a fight in New York.

A QUESTION OF VALUES

Delia Segovia
Interviewed by Ray Aguirre

My name is Delia Segovia. I'm married, and I have a daughter, who is also married and is a teacher.

I was born in Santa Monica, California. I come from a family of eleven. There are five girls and six boys. I'm one of the older children. I attended schools in Santa Monica, Santa Monica City College, and U.C.L.A. After college, I married and came to live in Fontana. My husband is from San Bernardino. I continued my education and began teaching in 1960.

I first started teaching at the Central School District, at the elementary level. I was hired as a traveling Spanish teacher. Because I had studied French, I also began teaching French at the junior high school level.

I worked at the junior high school level until 1969, when I was asked to apply at Chaffey College as a counselor. I did so, obtained the job, and worked there from 1969 to 1974. I quit Chaffey College with the intention of staying home for a while. Then the opportunity came up for me to come work for Aztlan. I had formal education when I came here, but I didn't have the experience with drug and alcohol abusers. I've learned all that since coming to Aztlan.

The exciting thing for me, being here at Aztlan, is not only the number of people we've reached, but to watch Aztlan grow. I'm happy to be a part of it. I really think we are rendering the services needed by the community.

My husband and I have also been active in the Cucamonga committee, where my husband teaches. When the poverty funds started coming in, we got the people involved in taking action.

I first became interested in working in the Chicano community in 1951, when my husband and I were teaching citizenship classes, under the auspices of the Community Services Organization. At that time, Ed Roybal, who is now a congressman, was chairman of CSO, and people like Cesar Chavez were members of the group. Grace Davis, who is now a deputy mayor under Mayor Bradley, was also in the group. A man named Guzman, who is now teaching at Santa Cruz and who has authored some very important articles, was a member.

When we moved to this area, we helped to establish a teen post in Cucamonga, and then a community action group. Now, it's the neighborhood service center. We also helped to bring about more Chicano representation on the Cucamonga School Board. We became involved with Armando Navarro when he began his chapter of M.A.P.A. and La Raza Unida. Armando is a very active young man who really helped the community to become politicised.

Ray: Let me break in here, so you won't get tired. You may also tell us your family history. We'd like to know about your parents and grandparents, if possible.

Delia: My people are from Chihuahua. They came to this country when they were very young. My father must have been about twelve and my mother about eight. Even though they came over at an early age, neither of them ever learned to speak English. They lived in El Paso, Texas, and all the people around them spoke Spanish, so I guess there was no need to learn English, and they never did.

My father's family in Chihuahua had been reached by Mormons who went to minister to the people in Chihuahua, and my father's family became Protestants in Mexico. They came over to this country as Protestants and remained Protestants. The Mormons were the first contact with Protestants they had had. After coming to the U.S.A., for some reason they joined the Baptist Church and became Baptists. My mother's family was Catholic, but my mother became Protestant when she married my father. We, the children, were raised as Baptists.

My father's family came from Mexico, where they owned land, and came over to Texas and bought land. My grandmother had land in Texas, and she earned her living by working a ranch. They had animals, horses, and others. When my father and mother married, he built a house on my grandmother's property, and that's where they lived until they came to California. My mother's people were very poor. They lived by Rio Grande, right in the downtown area of El Paso. At my grandmother's there was always plenty of food. We could walk down to the river and swim and have a nice time. But at my mother's family, near the river, it was totally different. It was very congested. Families lived right next door to each other. There was no yard. You opened the door and you were right on the sidewalk.

So, I received two contrasting images of life. What else do you want to know?

Ray: We've talked about religion and society, and about economics. Is there a solution to all these contrasts?

Delia: I think the child is always close to his mother. Being close to my mother, I saw how my father's family treated her. I don't feel that they were too happy about my father marrying her, because she was from a poor background. With this knowledge, myself and my brothers and sisters worked even harder. We worked hard at school to learn. In Santa Monica, we attended schools with children who had much more financially and materially than we, and it made us very materialistic. All my brothers and sisters work very hard. They're all fairly well off because they have worked hard. My parents are also very hard working. My father is just a laborer, but he worked very hard in the field of construction. My mother worked very hard in the home to take care of her eleven children. She's a very neat and clean person. She worked from the time she got up in the morning, getting us ready to go to school. She worked all day cleaning the house, getting things in order and ready. When we came home from school, she had dinner ready, and we all ate dinner together. She really imparted a lot of values to us. I don't know where she learned her values, but she was a very intelligent person.

Ray: Your solution, then, would be to teach values?

Delia: I would say values. What's important to you? What is it that you really want? Then, maybe you can define what it is you really want, find a way to get it. Devise a plan to get to where you want to be. Set goals.

Ray: You have to have a plan?

Delia: Yes. I'm very happy to see bilingual education come into the schools, because with children from deprived situations it may help to teach them some values. Bilingual education may help these Chicanitos to find out who they are. It's only a beginning, but it's very important to take the first step. It's important to set yourself up for success, to feel good about yourself, and to like yourself. I think that if I could impart this to all children, I don't think we would have the problems we have. Children lash out because of anger and hostility. They feel deprived. It is important for us to be good models to the children. I feel that I've done my part. Even though my family was big, I went on to school and I feel I can serve as a model. I think I have served as a model for many young people.

Ray: As long as they're following your example, there you are. You're going to reflect whatever is inside of you.

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Delia: That's true. If I feel that I can be a model, then I will make myself visible so that the people of the community can see me, and maybe model themselves after me. Or, I can help in other ways. Other people who have gone to school and accomplished many things don't keep themselves visible. They're over there, in their own little world in some suburb and they don't come to the barrios. They don't offer themselves.

Ray: Remember those values we were talking about?

Delia: Yes.

Ray: Some are spiritual values, too, right? We don't only have materialistic values, but also spiritual.

Delia: That's true. We have to live spiritually.

Ray: And that involves being invisible, for the simple reason that things of the spirit cannot be seen by the natural eye.

Delia: When I was saying that you have to make yourself visible, I mean becoming involved with the community. I think it's important to become involved in the community, and to be where our people can see us.

Ray: You're talking about a personal presence?

Delia: Right. Personal presence is what I'm talking about. As far as spiritual values are concerned, I really think that's important because that's what is going to give you direction. I think many Chicanos are losing their spiritual values. We need something spiritual.

Ray: We need to know the truth, because when we know the truth we have all the ability and the power that the truth has.

Delia: Whatever the truth is.

Ray: There's only one truth, and that's the truth about everything. If it isn't truth, then it's an illusion. The truth liberates us.

Delia: The truth that I know is that I exist, I am here, and I count, and I'm important.

Ray: There's also a truth about ignorance. You may be limited or may think you're important, but in reality you're unlimited.

Delia: I agree that we're unlimited, but we keep ourselves back. We're our own worst enemies many times. We set up

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"THERE'S ONLY ONE TRUTH, AND THAT'S THE TRUTH ABOUT EVERYTHING"

barriers for ourselves, because of our insecurities. If we could develop healthy self-concepts among our people, pride, self-esteem, and a knowledge of who we are, there's much that we could accomplish.

Ray: Shouldn't that take priority over all the other community programs we have now?

Delia: That's prevention work. If we could start with the children I think we'll be taking a step forward. Yet, you still need programs to treat people who don't feel good about themselves. That's why we have Aztlan, because we're helping those people who don't have self-esteem. Hopefully, we're giving them something to feel good about, even after they reach maturity. If we could start with the little ones at school, though, we could prevent many of the problems we have to treat.

Ray: You've heard of the saying, at church or from the Bible, that before we take the splinter from our brother's eye, we must take the timber from our own eyes? Sometimes, everything may be perfect, but we don't see it as perfect, because our eyes are off-balance, blurry, impure. If we become pure, we see everything as pure.

Delia: I think everything can be improved.

Ray: Why not accept perfection now?

Delia: And stop trying to improve?

Ray: No. Just see it, because eventually you're going to have to see it, if you're working towards it.

Delia: In my own mind, I can imagine a utopia.

Ray: Your eyes should be unlimited, so that we can see different worlds and different times. Just as our memory banks can see happenings in our personal past. If we were prophets, or had wisdom, we could see the future.

Delia: That would be nice.

Ray: So, we can see perfection right now. But, if we lack spiritual sight, or wisdom, all we can see is the earth and the earth is full of things that contradict themselves. Our children can't see unless we can see, because we are the ones who are directing their eyesight. The elders can't see because no one has ever shown them how.

Delia: Excuse me. We have to stop now, because I have to go to a meeting.

Ray: Well, thank you.

Delia: You're welcome. I've enjoyed this. You know, it makes you think.

LA CASA TRANQUAL

Jenaro Zendejas

Interviewed by Chano Gonzalez

Chano: We would like to know when your father came here from Mexico.

J.Z.: In 1949.

Chano: How did you come to know Padrino Orozco?

J.Z.: He came from the same pueblo that we came from. He was the casa tranqual, where everyone gathers. He was the point of contact for anyone who was looking for friends, relatives, or for jobs.

Chano: So your father came in 1949. How old was he then?

J.Z.: About 18.

Chano: Did he work?

J.Z.: He picked. He picked oranges, lemons, grapes, anything that was picked then. He used to send money to us in Mexico. He also had a business in Mexico.

Chano: And you at home ran the business? What did you do?

J.Z.: We, the youngsters, used to go to school. My mother ran a store.

Chano: When did your father decide to bring all of you to the United States?

J.Z.: He decided to bring us here as soon as the children were past elementary schooling. He wanted most of all for us to get a good education.

Chano: When did all the family come here?

J.Z.: My father brought us here in 1965. We came in a group of five.

Chano: He had already fixed his papers?

J.Z.: Yes, his papers were okay. He prepared his papers through my aunt Concepcion. She lives here in Chino. In those days it wasn't as difficult to fix papers. But, in the beginning, he was an illegal. After being here for three years, he got around to preparing his migration documents.

Chano: And then he arranged for five of you?

J.Z.: First of all, he brought my mother, and then the rest of us. They worked hard and had money for all of us. There are ten of us in all, two born in this country. The first few years were difficult, of course. I think they were years of hardship for my father. Can you imagine him coming here at an early age without knowing more than one or two persons over here? He had to find a job. Yet, all in all, I believe we haven't had it as bad as some others. We were well off because we had Uncle Beto to go to work for. And Aunt Concepcion. Yes, our lot wasn't as hard as that of some others. We already had some contacts here.

Chano: Was the decision to uproot from Mexico and put roots here very difficult?

J.Z.: For our parents it was harder than for us youngsters. To me, it was just an adventure. I was twelve at that time. The changeover was difficult when you consider that we didn't speak English, another culture, new traditions, new customs. And then the encounter with the school.

Chano: I remember when you didn't speak a word of English.

J.Z.: Can you imagine coming here without knowing a word? There's a cultural shock when two cultures meet. It's very hard. When we were in school it felt to me as if I were deaf and dumb. We didn't know what was happening. We had difficulty being accepted by the whites and by the Mexican-Americans.

Chano: There must have been a group of people that helped you.

J.Z.: At that time Chicanos here had an opinion about us. They had concepts that had been taught to them about us. The Chicano Movement helped to unite more of us together than in the past.

Chano: In what way did the Movement help you?

J.Z.: It opened the doors of education, primarily. They set it up for us to attend various colleges and universities.

Chano: When you were in high school, who helped you out from Chino? Or what teachers do you remember most?

J.Z.: In those times there wasn't any special teacher or professor helping us tremendously. I can't give anyone credit, really.

Chano: How did you get into college?

J.Z.: It was through Delia Segovia. She helped us into college. We started going to the Barrio House, and attended some of their meetings. We heard about the possibility of going to college.

"HIS GARAGE WAS ALWAYS FULL OF PEOPLE"

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Chano: What group did you see there at the Barrio House?

J.Z.: El Indio, Manuel Bocanegra, and others. They were in MECHA.

Chano: And then you came to know Delia?

J.Z.: Yes. Afterwards, we graduated from Chaffey College, and we were invited to study at Fullerton University, where Irma Welch helped us. Arturo Flanco and Professor Sejos also helped us. Two years later, my brother got a job as a counselor here in Chino. I attended Pepperdine, and various of my brothers have graduated from other colleges, some from Fullerton, some from Whittier. I am still doing doctoral study at San Diego, which I will conclude in Europe. I received a fellowship from the state. They select the top 300 from all over and they qualify for it.

Chano: It's been a struggle for all of you. I remember being at Padrino Orozco's headquarters and seeing 15 or 20 persons living there. He had his garage full of people. I remember going and talking with the twins about all your hardships and troubles. I remember when this very street was dirt and still unpaved. There was nothing then. We played ball in the middle of the street. The trees weren't planted yet. The barrio started growing around 1945.

J.Z.: If you wish, I can make an appointment for you to interview my father.

Chano: I think you can do it better than I can, the interview. This is what I'd like to get. For example, the schools have history books and say it happened this way in those days. The West was won this way. The whites came to California and they developed it. History, to them, began with the white settlers. But, if it were not for people like Orozco, things would have been different. Who planted the oranges, lemons, grapefruits, and who picked and harvested them? Who were they and what happened to them? Who are their descendants and where are they? That's what I'm trying to dig up and bring into perspective. At one time, during the 1930's the Texans came here in masses. They came from El Paso, San Antonio, and various other Texan cities. The pattern was always the same. First came elders, parents, and they established a base. Next came their brothers, sisters, or some friends. Did you read the novel by Artemo Cruz?

J.Z.: Yes.

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Chano: I'm thinking of when the revolution was over, and the guy doesn't have a thing. He only has one thing: He's got someone's name, "Gonzalos." Cruz says, "In the early days, a person who had someone's name and address to go to, he had something." I was recalling it because of the present analogy. The name and address of a person in this country were tickets to advancement.

I was talking to this guy, and he says to me, "Just think, I was in Mexico and I planned to come to the U.S.A., because I had $400. Me and my brother were coming here, but as I thought of it, I began to question what I was going to do over here. I knew not a single soul. I had no contacts Yet, there was a friend, and he had an uncle over here who knew the ropes." So, instead of bringing his own brother, this man left his brother and came over with his friend, because the friend had contacts. He paid the price of leaving his brother behind, because with the friend his destiny was assured.

In this manner, the guy had a goal, an objective, and was more or less set up for the future. And, as this guy is telling me this story, I remembered Artemo Cruz when he wrote, "The revolution is over!" And all he had was a name and address.

Afternote: Jenaro Zendejas is presently working on his Ph.D. in International Relations.

APPENDIX

LEARNING OBJECTIVES

The following objectives are suitable for use with children in grades 1 through 6. The objectives with an asterisk are suitable primarily for children in grades 4 through 6.

1. **Children can outline verbally the struggles of a Mexican immigrant in the early 1900's, to the satisfaction of the teacher.**
2. **Children can explain the use of local maps.**
3. **Children can describe the means of transportation in the West End in the early 1900's, 1920's and 1930's.**
4. **Children can describe the production of wine.**
5. **Children can list several examples of how cultural characteristics differentiate ethnic groups.**
6. **Children can explain the relationship of the Mexican Revolution to Mexican immigration in the 1900's.**
- 7. **Children can define prejudice and discrimination.**
- 8. **Children can compare and contrast prejudice and discrimination.**
- 9. **Children can cite specific examples of segregation as it existed in the West End.**
10. **Children can explain the concept of "strike."**
- 11. **Children can explain the historical development of border control.**
- 12. **Children can compare and contrast the border control of the early 1900's and the border control today.**
- 13. **Children will understand the use of oral history as a method of historical research.**
- 14. **Children can demonstrate the use of interviewing as a technique for gathering family history.**
15. **Children can explain the historical role of "braceros."**
- 16. **Children can explain the role of the Mexican Consul in the Chicano community of the 1920's and 1930's.**

SUGGESTED LESSON PLANS: GRADES 1-3

The lesson plans are presented in two parts. The first section is devoted to teacher-directed lessons for groups of children. The second section consists of suggested activities for a learning center environment.

I. Directed Lessons.

1. Children read one of the interviews, or have it read to them. They then a write a language experience story about the interview or some aspect thereof.

2. Children work on mural maps of Mexico and the local community.

3. Children are presented with old photographs of the local area and draw pictures based on these.

4. Children grow fruit or other plants and care for these.

5. Read the following stories about farm workers to the children:
   Evelyn Sibley Lampman, *Go Up the Road*
   Sandra Weiner, *Small Hands, Big Hands*

   Discussions of concepts should follow.

6. Children are presented with short lessons on various corridos of the revolution such as "Corrido de Pancho Villa," "Cuatro Milpas," and "Corrido de Valentin de la Sierra."

7. A stick puppet show of the life of one of the interview subjects may be presented with a discussion following.

8. A slide presentation of Mexico is presented with a discussion following.

II. Learning Center Activities.

1. Make a salt and water map of Mexico and the local area.

2. Listen to Mexican corridos of the revolution, for example, *Relatos y Corridos de la Revolucion Mexicana* con Ignacio Lopez Tarso.

3. Construct a diorama of early means of transportation in the local area.

4. Make tissue paper flags of Mexico and local areas.

SUGGESTED LESSON PLANS: GRADES 4-6

I. Directed Lessons.

1. Children read excerpts from the interviews. Discussion of important concepts follows.

2. Teacher gives intensive directed lessons on the geography of Mexico and the West End. Climate and important geographical characteristics are discussed.

3. Children read stories about migratory labor and agricultural work in California, e.g., *Cesar Chavez* by Sandra Weiner.

4. Children receive a lesson on the value of oral history.

5. Children learn simple techniques for developing an oral history of their own families.

6. Children write daily logs of personal experiences to be published as class history.

7. Children will participate in a simulation game of segregation in their own classroom. A discussion follows.

II. Learning Center Activities.

1. Practice interview techniques with a partner.

2. Grow seeds of vegetable or fruit and care for them.

3. Diagram a time line of Mexican/Chicano history in relation to the lives of the interview subjects.

4. Work on a large mural of one of the interview subjects and his immigration experiences.

5. Make puppets of Pancho Villa and campesino characters for a puppet show.

6. Make water color paintings of Mexico and the West End.

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